

all the woodland lakes black duck and teal are numerous and many kinds of sea duck as well, when the southern flight is on. The plain, unvarnished facts as to the wild goose and brant shooting to be had at Miscou, Tabusintac and other points upon the eastern seaboard, read like a fairy tale.

And if the province forms a hunter's paradise, what shall we say of the fishing it has to offer? Its salmon streams, such as the Restigouche, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and Tobique, are famed the world over. Many of the choicest pools are under lease, it is true, but there is still plenty of room where the pilgrim from distant shores may throw his fly for this noblest of game fishes. A page would be required to record the names alone of the lakes and streams where trout abound, and where the fishing is as free as the air to the genial visitor. All the big lakes on the head of Tobique, whether on the right hand branch or the left, abound with trout and some of them with land-locked salmon, or togue. As for the upper Nepisiguit, here is what Allen M. Brewster, of Newburyport, Mass., who visited that section in the summer of 1897 for the first time, thinks of it: "I had a most enjoyable trip up the left hand branch of the Tobique and went through to the Bathurst lakes. I was a trifle early for moose calling although we succeeded in getting one very good sized moose. The trout fishing in the Bathurst lakes is something I never before experienced, although I have been down in Maine, spring and fall, for the last twenty years." The trout streams and lakes of the provinces are, with few exceptions, open to all. There are more than 160 lakes in Charlotte and St. John counties alone where goodly catches can be had but if one desires trout of five and six pounds weight he must seek them in the remote forest lakes. There is also a brief period every spring, when the sea trout are running up the rivers of the North Shore, that ideal fishing may be had. This event takes place about the latter part of May or first of June. Those who have "struck it right" at Indian-town, Bartibogue, Bathurst, Jacques river or many other choice localities that might be named, will not soon forget the experience. July and August are the best months for fishing in the interior of New Brunswick. The fish are hungry and the mosquitoes not so belligerent as in June.

Don't you hear the red gods calling you above the din of the trolley car, the clanging of bells and the wearying clamor of the dollar-hunting mob? Break loose then from foul air, foul thoughts—the "debts, duns and devilries" of city life,—and come to the many-rivered vales and hills of New Brunswick, where horns and health await you and where length of days and peace of mind are found beneath the shadow of birch and pine.

Fredericton, N. B.

THE PROFESSOR'S OUTING

By C. C. Farr.

THE Professor expressed a wish to go trout fishing. Mr. Sportsman was an enthusiast in the matter of brook trout, but he questioned the Professor's physical capacity to stand the trip.

"For," said he, "when I go trout fishing, I go to catch trout, not to sit dangling a hook into a pool all day when there is nothing to take it, and if no fish will bite in about five minutes, I move on to another spot."

"Ah, my friend," said the Professor, "perhaps if instead of moving on you would change your fly you might have better success."

"Change my fly?" snapped Mr. Sportsman, "The only flies in evidence when I am trout fishing are mosquitoes and black flies. Why, man alive, the creek where I usually fish runs through the primeval forest, and you could not throw a fly if you tried. It is just a crooked line of water running through a tangle of alders, fallen trees, creepers, high bush, cranberry shrubs, and every abomination calculated to make a man use sulphurous language. I don't go too often just on that account. It does not do to keep the recording angel too busy. The only thing in favor of the creek is that there are lots of trout in it, and if you would really like to attempt it we will start to-day, take our tent, camp at the mouth of the creek, and be ready next morning for the fish."

"But," asked the Professor, "how do you catch the trout then? I thought they lived on flies."

"Live on flies! That's all rubbish. I use a short piece of line about eight feet long, a small Kirby bent hook, with a long shank, and cut a pliant alder for a rod. As I said before, there are plenty of alders. For bait I prefer partridge gizzard, but if I can't get any I shoot a squirrel, or a small bird; anything in the shape of meat. Sometimes I take a piece of the fish itself, if I can only catch one, the little acute angle at the throat preferred. Sometimes grasshoppers are in season with them, though a creek running through the unclaimed bush has no grasshoppers on its banks, therefore the fish are not educated up to them."

"Then," asked the Professor, with simplicity, "you have educated these fish up to partridge gizzard?"

"Professor," answered Mr. Sports-

man, sternly, "on matters piscatorial you should never question so closely. It shows a lack of confidence in the veracity of an otherwise unimpeachable citizen, which often leads to a coolness, and sometimes to strained relations."

The Professor was visibly affected and showed great contrition.

"For," said he, "I am a fisherman myself and ought to have known better than to doubt the word of a brother fisherman, but I insist on accompanying you on this trip. It seems to me such an easy method of catching fish, so primitive and so delightful."

"Wait until you have to 'scratch' along those tangled banks with your rod in your hand, with the hook dangling loose, and warranted to catch on to every little twig and leaf that it can get within reach of, and, failing that, into your thumb it goes; then you won't call it so easy or delightful."

But the Professor would not be discouraged. He was a man blessed with boundless enthusiasm, and thoroughly optimistic. So off they started. Two canoes, containing Mr. Sportsman, the Professor, the patient John, and another young man called Harry, who though not keen on fishing, loved a gun, though he never killed much.

The lake was calm as a mill pond, and they paddled close to the high rocks, which are one of the features of the much written of Temiskaming scenery. The shade was cool and refreshing. They had about ten miles to go, and though the Professor insisted that he would like to investigate the geological formation of these escarpments, Mr. Sportsman was obdurate, for he knew that such investigation would consist in the Professor sitting down on a stone, and resting a while in the shade, so he vetoed the proposition and they pushed on. When they had travelled about half the distance, a halt was called, for the rocks were fairly blue with blueberries; so they scattered over them to graze. Then John came up to Mr. Sportsman and whispered that he had a bottle of good rye whiskey with him, and if a drop would be acceptable, etc. "But," he continued, "How about the Professor? He looks like a chap that would faint at the sight of such a thing."

"You offer him a drop, John; I don't think he will faint quite."